didn't like it. He said it sounded like it was performed on an old upright. He called Scriabin "Scabies." He noticed right away that the Tristan was marked "AAD." I explained that it was still the best version in the catalog, conducted by Wilhelm Furtwangler. He didn't care. It must have been my ability to buy compact disks whenever I wanted that made him sigh: "I'm so tired of being broke." That was something else that hadn't changed.

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Our conversations are framed by darkness like old b-movies. I see Adam in his light-colored clothing against a dark background, like one of the protagonists of White Zombie. He left after six. The dark background is the night that starting in October got noticeably longer every day, started a few minutes earlier every shift. Working with Adam while the manager was on vacation was like being on some strange ride at the Exhibition, after the grounds were closed to normals.

It was the "Polar Express" headed into winter and eternal night. The riders were Gabriel, Frederick (not Fred), Michael, Jack, Karl, Leon, Charlene, et al. Adam and I sat together in a gondola. We didn't hold hands. We did our best to keep everyone from panicking and falling out. There wasn't much we could do except tell them to hold on. It was when you tried to get off that you might get hurt. By mid-